Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy, Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops Grace of *Yorke, Dowglas, Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percies* pay;
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwaide
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from mee:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this ſame childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meete;
For euery honour ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That hee ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleaſ'd, I ſhall performe.
I do beſeech your Maieſtie may ſalue,
The long growne wounds of my intemperance
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will dye an hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow.
King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſoueraine truſt h
How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of ſpe

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpe
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebles met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsburie*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes bee kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.
King. The Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet forth to
With him my ſonne Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old,
On Wedneſday next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forw
On Thurſday, we our ſelues will march. Our r
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Glocester ſhire*, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue dayes hence,
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meete.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away vilely ſince
doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my ſ
me like an old *Laies* looſe gowne. I am wi h
apple *Iohn*. Well, ile repent, and that ſodaine